they might from the umbrellas of their more provident neighbors.

As those who had reserved seats didn't feel any anxiety in the matter of securing advan-tageous positions they came later, and until it was almost time for the same the stands shower big, empty spaces. It was the same way with the field boxes, too, which are the best seats to the grounds in pleasant weather and about the worst in unpleasant. The end stands filled up a natches of Princeton color and soherer bunche f blue, as the people there unfurled their flags early, not in the least daunted by the rain.

False promises on the part of the clends. which made a pretence of breaking away in the morning, deceived not a few, who came comparatively upprepared for the worst. Most of the spectators, however, were uniformed in heavy costs or mackintoshes and half of them carried umbrellas. The women, who formed a large and important element, as they do in combination of ribbons and furs made a most ing in the stand he overheard a conversation between two giris, who had chrysanthemums, orange ribbons, flags, miniature footballs, pennone, streamers, bows, fancy pins, and general brig.A. brac of a Princeton nature all over them from head to foot, discussing the matter of appropriate clothing

should think," said one of them to her friend, "that you'd be afraid of taking cold with only that cloak on. I've brought a shawl along to wrap up in."

"Oh, I'm all right," said the other; "I've made special preparations of an invisible na-

"Oh, you mean um-um-um-um?" the latter part of the sentence being lost in obscurity. "No; not mine," said the other girl. "Mine weren't warm enough. I borrowed Will's." Will's? Goodness gracious me, Belie! Notnot not the whole outfit!"

"Of course. Why not?"
"Why, I don't know. It isn't proper, is it?" "It's a great deal more proper than catching cold. They are awfully nice and warm; but

they were kind of big until I-I-I padded 'em." Well, I've worn a man's overcost nome from a ball, but I think that's about my limit. What would Gus say?"

THIS GIRL BRODGET A PLACE THE SUN reporter didn't learn what Gus would say, as he moved on in time to hear an-

other girl remark, in a confidential tone, to her " Mand brought two steamer rugs besides her heavy coat. All I brought for extra warmth was a flask. It's just as good as a fur-lined cir-cular, and ever so much less trouble to carry."

"I've seen fellows come to a football game carrying a flask all right," remarked the young man philosophically. "and not be anywhere near able to carry what was in the flask after

That's because they take water after it." said the girl. "We take the water outside to-

Everybody that came seemed to have some new kind of garment designed to keep out wet cold or both. One party brought gay-hued blankets, which they later on removed from their shoulders and waved frantically in the air upon the occasion of Yale's one touchdown.

That very profitable and picturesque bit of real estate, "Dead-Head Hill," didn't fill up as early as it has in former years. But about 1 o'clock the rush came, and umbrellas sprouted there like mushrooms. Seen from below, the hill looked as if it had suddenly become the halting place of an army of enormous black turtles. The end stands were pretty well covered

By this time the coaches had begun to take their places. A very big Yale coach swathed in bine waked things up by suddenly assuming a tremulous appearance, owing to the concerted motion of a score of youths on its top, who waggled themselves in time to the old familiar Brek-ek-ek: co-ax: co-ax." until the gray mist that overbung the field seemed full of cracklings and sharp explosions. In retort to this a Princeton coach near by developed three cornetists, who blared out Princeton music with fine spirit. A second Yale coach presently lined up alongside the first, the occupants of both starting in to sing their newly acquired ditties. While these songs are not always characterized by the nobility of Milton's poetry or the daintiness of Dobson's verse, the they embodied the music of the spheres, specially arranged for the occasion. To begin with, the Yale men lifted up their voices to the music of that pathetic appeal, "Give Us a Drink, Bartender, Bartender," and sang.

O rush them along, Old Ell, Old Ell,
As you did a year ago;
For you know that we re all behind you, behind you,
And will cheer you as you go.
Our stone-wal line they can never open,
Our backs go easily through,
Bo give three cheers for our sandy captain,
Three cheers for the boys in blue.

At the end they gave the frog chorus yell. With music in the air the sons of Nassau were not to be outdone, and they made a joyful noise

as follows, upon the lines of "Swim Out. O'Grady:" Swim out, Old Ell, We'll swipe the men in blue; Galley's in the centre. And he knows just what to do,

When the Princeton cyclone strikes them It will spall om just a few; Then swim out, Ohi Ell, Swim out, out, out, out. Then, changing their note, they cheerfully chanted in thunderous tones:

Oh, me! Oh, my! How we will lick Old E-ii! To which the blue coaches responded in kind: Oh. my! Oh. Yal=! How we'll twist the Tigor's tail!

This being in the nature of a retort, there followed from the Princeton coach a courteous inquiry:

Say, you blue bottle bugs from Elmville, got any mon to bet ?" Got all kinds of mun," came the answer,

"Strike a light, Chimmy. Here's a mug with money to burn. What color's your stuff ?" "All colors. Green as the graves we'll dig for you and yellow as the yellow dogs on the Prince-"Wow! Bet you twenty we do you." "Bet

you thirty we do you." "Bet you one to three you don't score." "Give you five to four on the "Come down here if you've got any

SOME DISAPPOINTED BETTORS.

Then sundry and various youths would descend from their coaches to the common ground below, there to wager cash which afterward figured in parental reports as "To incidentals, \$50." Mostly the Yale men wanted odds of 3 to and mostly, moreover, they didn't get them. Many bets at 5 to 4 were made some at even money, although Yale was shy on this proposition. Inspired by the excitement of the occasion, however, the E. is just before the game commenced did considerable laying of even money. In numbers there is lack of safety when it comes to a matter betting, and the reciprocal confidence that the Yale men inspired in each other by their enthusiastically expressed premonitions of triumph had a saddening effect after everything

was over, including the yelling.
"You see it's like this," said a mournful reoter after the game. "I wasn't going to blow in much, but the Princeton fellows were going around looking for all kinds of trouble, and I thought I'd try a little flyer. Then I meet Smith and he says: 'Why, it's a cinch. The team is confident that we'll wipe 'em off the earth. I'll put in a tenner with you and we'll get twenty-five against our twenty.' So I do that and then I meet Jones, and Jonesy says: 'Say, there's a duck here'll give me 3 to 2 in twenties. Want some of it?' And I say, 'Sure.' because that's the kind of a sucker I am. 'Bout two minutes later I meet Perkins. He plays on the scrub, you know. I say, 'Perk, how about it?' and Perk says, 'Hell! they can't touch us. Lose? Why, we don't know how to lose!' That lets me in to bet a fifty, 'cause I think l'erk ought to know what he's talking about. After that I think I'm about to the limit until I run across Robinson. 'It's fluding money to bet on our people,' Robby says. 'I'se bet everything except my ticket home. I tried to get that up against a ticket to Princeton, but he other chap couldn't see it. He wants to get

you've got the stuff.' Of course I put that up, and that lets me out. I'm going to wire to the old man, 'Ill and alone in New York. Please wire one hundred.' Oh, I'm the very softest that ever happened, I am."

That's about the way the betting usually goes. Just before the teams appeared it got quite lively. Gayly bedecked youths rushed around waving rolls of bills in the air and shricking out offers to bet. Not until the heroes of the day appeared did the betting end. It was a little after two o'clock when a tall figure in a sweater appeared in the door of the dressing house, and as a shout greeted him thousands of pairs of eyes were turned upon the captain of the Yale than great patches and bunches of bine blossomed up from the stands, swinging and sway ing in time to the thunder of yells that filled

Behind Capt. Murphy came the team and the substitutes. In accordance with one of the unwritten laws of the game, which has its usefulness in that it adds to the theatrical effective ness of the performance, the team trotted slowly and in single file out through the little gate in the portheast corner of the gridiron, and while the substitutes took their places on the side lines, the regulars began the warming-up work of falling on the ball, passing and kicking. The solid thumps of the feet against the plaskin were suggestive of the scattering preliminary shooting before the battle. All the time while this was going on the Yale flags were in the air and the Yale throats were

When the first pause came another mighty shout arose; a mightier shout than the first, and where the blue was not, there blazed out in glory the golden splendor of the Nassau banners, seeming in that gray day like a burst of sunlight; for, filing down the steps of the dressing house, came the cohorts of Princeton. As they trotted forward, tens of thousands of vocal reckets hissed and broke in the air, followed by the sharp shout, "Princeton! Princeton! Princeton!"

In a moment the orange and black fellows, too, were out upon the field, practising. Yale had now got her second wind, and her yells battled with those of her rivals for supremacy in an unceasing clamor. If one were able to believe all the reports given out by those having the management of the teams in their control, there would have been a great and general surprise that the men came out in such

apparently good shape.
From the heartbroken wails that have been floating in the atmosphere of New Haven, and the shricks of grief and despair which the Princeton coachers have been conscientiously performing, one would have expected the two opposing teams to come on the field in splints and go off in ambulances. It has been widely whispered for some time that those few of the Yale men who were not victims of corns have been suffering from epilepsy, while Princeton's hospital list showed a variety of ailments, ranging from ingrowing whiskers to fragmentary spinal columns. NO INVALIDS ON VIEW.

Yet, somehow or other, the twenty-two young men who romped around the field, casting themselves flercely to earth upon the oval leather and rushing hither and thither in comnact bunches, looked rather more able-bodied than the average contents of the consumptive ward in a hospital. In fact, it is doubtful if anybody would have picked them out for invalids had not the sad story of their sufferings been so often repeated by their coachers and trainers. Hinkey's tonsilitis evidently hadn't been

severe enough to render him absolutely help-less, as he sent the leather flying up into the sky in a way that caused the Yale men to shrick with glee. Cochran's shoulder was all there, and seemed to be susceptible of use in various ways. Legs that were supposed to be on the hospital list, if not tottering at the verge of the grave, twinkled merrily over the grass; arms that have figured as the victims of all sorts of dire misfortunes proved themselves entirely competent to do the necessary passing and catching; and, in short, the much-abused bodies of those twenty-two supposed remnants of humanity appeared just so full of life and vigor that if they had been any fuller they'd have burst. Even Princeton's coach, Frank Morse, looked joyous in a dinky cap with a large and ornamental brim.

After a few minutes punting and falling the teams bunched together and took a few turns at forming interference, just to make sure that everything in the machine was in proper working order. As the teams bunched, each by itself Vale's inferiority in bulk was very anparent; but Yale has proved many times that weight does not make a team.

"We'll load those Princeton heavy weights on a hearse and carry 'em off to the graveyard." shricked a big-voiced Yale rooter from a coach, as the elephantine Crowd is gambolled across his

the officials stepped forward to the centre of the field; otherwise nobody would have heard a word of it, for the cheering had been incessant. But now the real business of the day was about to begin and the crowd grew silent. Another cheer broke out as Yale won the toss. Capt. Murphy elected to take the eastern goal, giving opponents the ball, and Capt. Cochran picked the pigskin up, looking at it reflectively, as if he could read in its clean surface the fateful events of the next two hours. If he could have seen ten minutes into the future it would have given him a very unpleasant nervous shock. He handed the ball over to Referee McClung, who placed it. Then arose another great cry from the crowd, Yale and Princeton both joining in one acclaim.

PUT DOWN THAT UMBRELLA!

In half a minute a blight had swept over the umbrella crop, wiping the black biossoms out of existence. Hardly had the last one vantaked when the shrill whistles of the referee and umpire gave the signal for the opening of the battle. As Baird, the star full back, stepped to his place behind the ball the field grew strangely silent. It was as if the whole 50,000 were holding their breaths in the intensity of the interest centred on those twenty-two roung warriors, up on tiptoe with eagerness, every muscle and nerve stretched for the onset. Deliberately Baird measured his distance, took short run, and shot out his foot. With a report like a popun magnified a hundredfold the oval rose in a graceful flight far over the heads of the Yale men, and the great shout of pent-up excitement from the thousands marked

the first attack. But it wasn't really the beginning of play, for the ball rolled out of bounds and had to be brought back for another kick-off. No such silence characterized the second kick, for the floodgates were open, and slogan answered slogan across and back over the misty field. Again the ball flew, a Yale back caught it and kicked it back, and this time the battle was on

From the very start the play was swift. It was Princeton's ball for the first line-up, and at the first there appeared a fact that drove Yale's adherents wild with joy. That was that Princeton could not keep the Yale men from her backs long enough to give them oppor-tunity to kick with accuracy. No sooner the ball be put in play than the Yale forwards would plunge flercely through making no more of Princeton's interferen than if it were not there at all. Apparently the Princeton men were dazed. Again and again they tried that unfortunate pass back for a Yale was through finally in time to block the kick and get the ball, whereupon there was

a blue pandemonium all over the place.
On the side lines the Princeton substitutes crouched with white faces and their eyes bulging out. What was Yale doing to their invincible team? What mysterious spell had been cast upon that bed-rock line of rushers that it dissolved like mist before the onslaught of the blues? Was the bitter experience of the year before to be repeated? And Yale howled with uncontrollable joy.

"Oh, hold 'em, Princeton!" begged the men on the line. "Don't let 'em break you up that

It needed no expert eye to see that Princeton was straining every muscle to the resistance of those terrible assaults. Hillsbraud and twenty-five more. Come over and put it up; Armstrong were on their knees with their shoes digging into the turf for a firmer hold. Big Galley's mighty shoulders were braced like a barricade before the op-posing centre. The giant Crowdis crouched in his place pressed close against Church, his neighbor in the line, the two set as by a trigger for the leap at their opponents. Then, while every Tiger was ready for the mass attack a Yale back had the ball and was skimming like bird around the end, aided by beautiful interference, only to be brought down when he was well into the enemy's territory. Again the Tigers braced themselves, this time resisting stoutly the attack, as the Yale captain dove against their line. But on the next play they were too eager. The umpire's whistle blew and Yale was advanced five yards for off-side play by the orange and black. This was bringing the ball dangerously near the goal line. On the next play the danger was very greatly increased by another gift of five yards for the same offence on Princeton's part.

yelled a frantic rooter.

"Get another umpire! He's reasting us!" Nobody knew better than the Princeton men themselves that Umpire Dashiel was punishing them only as they deserved. Capt. Cochran had no word to say, but he set his teeth hard as the ball was put down, and the look of determination on his face was matched on the faces of his companions. With everything against Princeton, a crowd of singers on one of the Princeton coaches stood up and sang manfully the "Old Nassau" song. The cornetists on the other coach joined in. and, as the strains rang out gallantly across the field, the followers of the orange and black took heart and gave a rousing cheer for their team. Perhaps it was a feeling that they must prove themselves worthy of that hope that made the Tigers suddenly solidify their line into a granite cliff, against which Yale dashed with about as much effect as waves on a mass of rock. A

was surrendered to Princeton. Why the Tigers, having sufficiently proven their inability to hold the Yale line long enough for a kick, should have persisted in again sending the ball back for Baird to punt is a myskicked, big Chadwick was directly in front of the chest, bounded back over the goal line, and, as the entire crowd of spectators sprang to its feet and howled, the Yale men swooped down of the game. It was just seven minutes after

VALE'S BRIDE LOVE PEAST.

What happened then is one of the things one goes to Manhattan Field to see. Instantly wherever two or more Yale men, or Yale girls, or a combination of both, were gathered together there was a love feast. Shrieks and yells of rampant glee filled the air. People fell on each other's necks in a highly im-promptu manner, and hugged each other with the wildest enthusiasm. On the side lines the blue substitutes curled themselves up in a wriggling bunch and squirmed about upon the grass in an abandonment of joy. From one of the coaches a blue-bedecked man descended upon another blue-bedecked man without outhing anything but air until he arrived at the second man; whereupon both fell to the ground with considerable promptitude. Then they rose up, clasped each other about the neck. and did a weird, wild war dance. Both of them

were sober, too. A highly respectable-looking man, considerably past the unthinking enthusiasm of early youth, solemnly took off his hat and stood upon his head in the wet grass. In the stands men rose from their seats and rushed wildly up and down the aisles with incoherent yawps of unutterable ecstasy. Everybody that were a bit of blue velled and velled and velled, and then with what voices they had left they burst into a song and vociferated:

Hold the ball, for Hinkey's coming; Finexe will signal still;
Benjamin goes through the centre;
Win we must, and will.

Line up, rushers, line up quickly, Line up with a will; We have always beaten Princeton, And we always will.

Another cheer rose a moment later when the goal was kicked true as a bullet flies to the bull's-eye. Some of the Princeton cheerers pluckily tried to keep up their end with a cheer, but it had a hollow sound. As the Tigers went back up the field their expressions were very serious. Naturally everything seemed to the Yale men to be coming their way. One heard on all sides their jubilant estimates of victory: "Oh, we won't do a thing to them! About 18 to 0.

"They're casy. Did you see us smash that " Why, it's the greatest team Yale ever turned

out." "They can't touch us. Where's all that Princeton money ?" "Here you are, Princeton. Three to two on

they made the most of it. At the next kick-off the sons of Old Nassau rallied bravely to the support of their team. Cheer after cheer for Princeton thundered across the field, threatening to shake a shower down from the sullen clouds overhead by vibration. Before the cheering had died away some of the singing men started up the famous old football song, with the splendid swinging chorus music:

Right thro' the centre. Now round the ends. Shove 'em thro', striped tigers of Princeton, Shove 'em thro', shove 'em thro', Shove 'em thro'.

In print those words don't mean much, but when a hundred or two hundred voices sing the old chorus, with its inspiring rise just before the end and then the long thundering sween own through the octave, it makes one's blood thrill in his veins. It roused the team to show what they could do. Fierce and fast came their attack. Yale's line wavered, weakened. and disintegrated. The Tigers' forwards tore through it as an equestrienne goes through a paper hoop. Down and down and down went the ball driven by repeated onsets as a spike is driven by the strokes of the sledge. through one side, now through the other, now around the ends, went Princeton's terrible backs.

PRINCETON TURNS THE TIDE. Alarm and amazement chased each other across the faces of the Yale rooters. Memory went not back to the time when a Yale line had been so ignominiously treated. Something was wrong. From their standpoint it kept on being wrong. On went the rush until a tangled mass of humanity lay between Yale's goal posts Into this mass dove little McClung, the referes worming his way down in gimlet fashion until he reached the ball. Baird was on it and it was over the line. As the heap disintegrated itself and the word "touchdown" went up on the

bulletin board, a terrific roar went up.

It was Princeton's turn now and she made the most of it. All that Yale had done before Princeten tried to outdo now. Wild maniacs rushed out on the field with intent to embrace the Princeton players only to be chased back again. The three cornetists almost exploded in their efforts to do justice to the occasion. Cheers from one stand were answered by cheers from the other, and down from the heights of Dead-Head Hill came a long yell of triumph. Nassau's men galloped around looking for Yale money, but it couldn't be found with a divining

It was only a few minutes later that a Nas-

## Experi-

ments are expensive. It is no experiment to take the medicine which thousands endorse as

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The Best-in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Hood's Pills cure nauses, indigestion, billiousness, 26 cents. san back got the ball and dashed across half a dozen of the white lines before the blues pulled him down, which afforded the Jerseyanother opportunity to howl. From this time on, opportunities were plentiful. Yale was plainly being outplayed. Pluck and dogged determination she showed, as she always does, but she had met more than her match, and her men were beginning to feel it. Fighting desperately, Capt. Murphy completely used himself up and had to leave the game. A little later Half Back Hine went off. Again Princeton was hammering the line down. Clear to the five-yard line it went, where Yale by a splendid rally stopped the charge, and a moment later took the ball up the field by a superb run, past every Tiger but Baird. His sure tackle saved Princeton from a

certain touchdown by Yale. Then came the one sensational play of the day. style, quality, Princeton's territory only to be reached by the blue's rushers; but he threw the ball back to Clothing Child Smith, who darted across the field and up along the side line past all the Yale team. Benjamin at the "Children's the side line past all the Yale team. Benjamin was close after him and a superb race followed, which ended by the Vale man outsprinting his opponent and bringing him down fifteen yards

from the Yale goal line.
Then came the stendy nammering again until for the second time Princeton crossed the line. The goal was kicked, and Princeton led, 12 to 6. After the kick-off the Tigers again were pushing the Yale line back when time was called Throughout the half the tackling on both sides was superb, but Princeton had outplayed Yale in every other respect.

VALE'S LINE GIVES WAT.

With the opening of the second half the New Haven contingent began that terrible yell of heirs that has so often helped them to win games, that incessant " Vale! Vale! Yale!" like ringing strokes on an auvil; but it was no use

The second half was a repetition of the last part of the first half. Yale fumbled several times, losing the ball. Princeton's flerce plunges tore the Yale line to shreds, and her interfer ence carried the ball around the ends for long gains. Benjamin was laid up in this half, which was a serious loss to Yale, as he had been doing good work.

Wheeler took Bannard's place for Princeton



Handsome Cloaks, of all wool fancy mixed cloth; (like cut,) large collar inlaid with plain cloth in contrasting colors; sizes 4 to 8 years, \$6.75.

Baby Coats, all wool flannel, cape trimmed with braid, sizes, 1, 2 and 3 years, \$3.35. Cloth Finished Flannel Dresses, yoke sailor collar and belt, with fancy silk stitching in contrasting colors, 4 to 14 years, \$4.00 to \$5.25, as to size.

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Fine White Aprons, fancy crossbar; trimmed with neat embroidery and ribbons, sizes, 2 to 10 years, 93c. Fauntleroy Cloth Leggins, extra long, plain

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Electric Szal, round muff and collar, trimmed with heads and tails, \$3.75.

tively. Mills did better work than Hine in breaking through the line, but he soon lost his vitality. Van Every was uncless and did nothing, although he was sent into the line and around the ends about a dozen times before the geme ended. Hinkey kiezed much better than anybody expected, and though he lincked the weight and build, he bluckly took his chances with the line. His tackling was up to the mark, and what little interfering he had to do was all right. But it was remarked on all sines that it was a pity to sooil one of the best ends in the country by placing him at full back, where he was next to useless.

REYOUVING TANDEM IN EVIDENCE.

REVOLVING TANDEM IN EVIDENCE.

REVOLVING TANDEM IN EVIDENCE.

The game was more of a rushing nature than any that has been played by the teams in veara. During the two halves Baird did not punt more than a dozen times, and most of his attempts were in the first haif. The revolving tandem by Princeton, as in the Cornell and Harvard games, was the successful trick, and, owing to the weakness of Yale's line, it looked even more formidable than it really was.

The concerted action of the Tigers in all of their plays, their perfect team work, unlimited sand, and superior strength served to carry the day. They won so easily that the vauquished could make no excuses and has to how to the inevitable, which they did without complaint.

The great crowd was on the qui vive at 2 o'clock, the advertised time for the warfare to begin, and it was not a minute later when the Yale men came bounding upon the field, headed by Capt. Murphy. There was an ovation in store for them, and the air was blue with fings and bunting, while the hoarse cheering of their followers was simply deafening. It was not a marker, however, to the terrific yell of welcome that went up from thousands when the crack Tiger eleven rushed from their quariers and legan falling on the ball and mud, just to limber up.

Little time was lost in preliminaries, and the

Tiger eleven rushed from their quarters and began falling on the ball and mud, just to limber up.

Little time was lost in preliminaries, and the officials called the rival captains to the centre of the arean to teas for choice of goals and the ball. Cochran beidout his hand to Murphy and the latter shook it warmly. A coin was flipped in the air and the Yale man called the turn. There was no wind to speaked, so there was really little choice left but to give the oval to Princeton for the kick off. Yale electing to defend the east goal. A new yellow ball was placed exactly in the middle of the field, and at 2:12 o'clock Referee McClung and Umpire Dashiel gave the signal for the great hattle to begin. Before the ball was put in play, however, Cochran spenta few moments giving final instructions to his men. The Yale players stood in their positions, silent and expectant, while the vast assemblage of enthusiasts waited breathlessly for the beginning of the game, When all was ready the Tigers took their position, and then flaird boomed the ball into the air, far over the beads of the Yale men. As it rolled out of bounds at Yale's ten-yard line it was necessary to bring it back for another ne it was necessary to bring it back for an ick off, and this time Baird drove the les kick off, and this time Baird straight into Hinkey's arms.

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